

JOHN C. RICHARDS

John Charles Richards, son of Emanuel Holman Richards and Mary Catherine Pope Richards, was born November 5, 1878 at Bingham Junction, now known as Midvale, at the present site of the U. S. Flotation Mill, Salt Lake County, Utah. Here he lived with his parents until he was three years old when they purchased twenty acres on the west side of the river (West Jordan). Here they built a home and resided until the time of their death.

John was the second child and oldest son in a family of twelve children. His schooling was obtained at the district school at West Jordan where he attended for a few months in the winter and helped on the farm in the spring and fall. At this time his father was superintendent and chief assayer at the old Stamp Mill at Bingham Junction and John, although a small boy, was called upon to do much of the work at home. He was also given the job of herding cows in the meadows along the Jordan River.

At the age of fourteen he started herding sheep for the Dimond Brothers and engaged in this occupation until he was twenty-one years of age and acquired a small herd for himself. While herding sheep for the Dimonds, he took wages in sheep instead of cash. At the age of seventeen, John's father mortgaged his house and farm and was on the verge of losing everything. John sold his flock of sheep and paid off the mortgage, then returned to the sheep herd and began again.

John grew to be a handsome, well dressed man of average height and build. He had black, curly hair, the fair skin of his mother and the classic features of his father. He was very fond of music and had a beautiful tenor voice. He played the mandolin, an instrument which is no longer popular but which had a sweet singing sound much more melodious than the guitar which he also played. He sang in quartets in Almo and in his later years joined a small combo which played for private parties.

John had many experiences with what is now called ESP, extra sensory perception. He first became aware of this when he was thirteen. At that time he was hired by Heber Gardner to herd his sheep in Cottonwood Canyon with an older man as camp tender. One night after sheep and men were bedded down, he was awakened with a warning to move the sheep to higher ground. Three times the warning came. The camp tender refused to help so John moved them up the hill on his own responsibility. Sometime before dawn, there was a cloudburst up the canyon and an avalanche of water came rushing down where the sheep had been bedded; they would all have been drowned. Thus he learned at an early age to obey that inner voice of warning.

As he grew older and was herding sheep in Wyoming, he was made responsible not only for the sheep but for driving the commissary wagon, a double bed wagon and four horses, to obtain supplies and salt for the sheep for the various sheep camps in Wyoming. This trip, usually to Evanston, generally took two or three days. One time, upon his return, he said to the camp tender, "There are about fifty sheep missing, where did you lose them?" The tender denied the loss but John set out to find them. He was prompted to take a certain direction and after walking two miles found the sheep unharmed. Forty-seven had strayed from the main herd.

While living in Idaho he came in one night and said he had heard his father's voice as plainly as he had ever heard it while he was alive. His father said, "John, I want you to have my overcoat." Nearly a week later he came home from the post office carrying a large box. It proved to be his father's overcoat with a note from his mother saying she had been strongly impressed to send it to him and hoped he could get some good from it.

One evening while he was doing chores, a voice said to him clearly and distinctly although no personage was visible, "We want one of your children, which one do you want to part with?" John was stunned but answered, "The Lord has given them to us, so He can take the one He wants," whereupon he was left alone. John came to the house and told me he had something to tell me. I requested that he wait until the children were asleep, then he told me of his experience. It was an agonizing and almost unbelievable warning. Shortly after, John had to leave for West Jordan because of his father's illness. His father passed away on July 10, 1922. Our little girl Bessie died July 14, 1922.

After we moved back to West Jordan, he and the boys were bringing in a load of hay when something said to him, "Your wagon wheel is coming off." Investigation proved it true, so it saved the hay from being tipped over.

One morning while in West Jordan three choice rams were missing. Everyone searched but no one had seen them. They were gone for days and we decided they must have been stolen. One afternoon John was walking along the road when a voice said, "Go below the road in that deep wash, look under the overhanging bank." He did and found all three sheep up to their bellies in water and afraid to move. They had, no doubt, been driven there by marauding dogs.

At the age of twenty-one years, John received a call for a mission while he was herding in Wyoming. He sold his sheep and other belongings, which financed him during his Eastern States mission, returned to his home and in 1901 took a missionary course at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo for one year. The following fall on October 1, 1902 he departed for the Eastern States Mission where he labored twenty six months, returning to West Jordan on November 29, 1904.

After returning home, he engaged in the carpenters' trade and did considerable building of homes, school houses, mills, etc. He worked at the Utah Copper Company mills at Magna for nine years, being the supervisor of the building of the two smoke stacks at this plant.

On November 6, 1907 he married Clara Olive Bacon in the Salt Lake Temple. To this union nine children were born, five boys and four girls.

He resided in West Jordan most of the time until the spring of 1914 when he, with his family, moved to Almo, Idaho where he engaged in cattle and sheep raising and did some building. The family stayed in Idaho for ten years living in Almo and Malta.

In 1924 he moved his family back to West Jordan to take care of his mother, his father having died July 10, 1922. His own little girl Bessie died just four days later in Malta. The moved onto the old Richards farm and made it their home until the fall of 1937

when the family moved to the old Gardner home on Redwood Road. Delila Gardner had willed the home to Clara Bacon Richards upon her death April 27, 1937. There John lived until the time of his death.

His church duties were many and varied. He was ordained a deacon in 1890, a teacher in November of 1901, an elder on September 25, 1902, a seventy on May 6, 1912 and a high priest by Hyrum M. Smith, patriarch.

In the West Jordan Ward he acted as M. I. A. counselor and later as its president, choir member and Stake Sunday School Board member for a number of years. In Idaho he was senior member of the 193rd Quorum of Seventies, Stake Sunday School Superintendent, Stake Chorister, ward teacher and scout leader.

After returning to West Jordan he was appointed to the High Council of Jordan Stake and to the same capacity in the West Jordan Stake when the Jordan Stake was divided. He served twelve and a half years and was honorably released on October 31, 1937. He was also active in genealogical and temple work. On April 20, 1949 he was set apart as stake missionary to labor in Copperton and Bingham and faithfully filled this appointment doing some tracting the night before his death.

He died March 29, 1950 from a heart attack while harrowing in his field -- a terrible shock to the family who survived him. His funeral was held in the West Jordan chapel and was one of the largest ever held in West Jordan. Over five hundred people called at his home previous to the funeral. He was buried in the West Jordan cemetery near the graves of his father and mother.

He was a kind father and a friend to those in need. His passing was greatly mourned by his family as well as his many friends.

CLARA OLIVE BACON RICHARDS

Clara O. Bacon was born to Edmund and Mary Ann Gardner Bacon on October 12, 1885 at Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho. She was left motherless at eighteen months and although her father tried to keep the family together, he was unsuccessful. Clara and her older sister Delila were given to her mother's favorite sister, Delila, to rear.

Clara grew up in the Gardner home at West Jordan on the Redwood Road. She started school at six years of age in a two-roomed house with one teacher for fifteen students of all grades. The following year the school was transferred to its present location at the junction of Bingham Highway and Redwood Road. Here she completed the eighth grade, then in 1901 with three other students from West Jordan, she went to Sandy for the ninth grade, the county's first attempt at a high school. Beginning in the fall of 1904, she attended the Agricultural College in Logan, Utah and remained two years living in the home of her aunt, Ann Egbert.

Following her college years, she remained at home doing farm and home chores. When she was twenty she met John C. Richards who had just returned from a mission. They kept company for three years, then were married in the Salt Lake Temple on November 6, 1907. From the Temple, they came home to a big, old-fashioned wedding reception in her home. Ninety-eight people sat down to a hot supper. A large wedding cake, a fruit cake baked by the bride, was on a side table and as the guests left, a piece of cake was cut, wrapped and given to each.

After the guests were gone, the horse and buggy were brought around and the bridal pair departed to their new white brick home which John had built and partially furnished on the lower road (1300 West). Here they lived and here the three oldest of their nine children were born.

John was a carpenter at the Magna Mills and for a short time they moved to Magna to be near his work but the housing was unsatisfactory and before long they returned to their home in West Jordan.

In 1914 the family moved to Idaho. In Almo, where they first settled, Ruby and Arch were born. After they moved to Malta, Bessie and Hazel joined the family. The family remained ten years in Idaho, then returned to West Jordan. Here Delos and Warren were added to the family.

Both John and Clara were active in the L. D. S. Church. While in Idaho, Clara served as second counselor to Ida Belnap in the Raft River Stake M. I. A. On September 14, 1930 she became president of the West Jordan Primary and served effectively for eight years being released in January of 1938. Later she served for three years as first counselor to Edna Hogan in the West Jordan Ward Relief Society. Both she and her husband served as stake missionaries beginning in 1949 in the Copperton and Bingham areas. This calling she filled with him until his death in 1950, then continued another eight months before being released.

Clara has many hobbies and has found satisfaction and happiness working in her

garden. Around 1963 she developed an interest in oil painting and took some lessons from Vivian Richardson. Since then she has painted many pictures of landscapes; each of her children has a memento of this interest.

After assembling information and material for ten years, in 1966 she published a book entitled "Treasured Memories and West Jordan History." It was a compilation of West Jordan history, poems and articles depicting earlier pioneer times and her memories of the town and people. Five hundred books were published and were well-received.

The family history which follows is her own account of her early life and that of the Richards family until the time of the marriage of each of the children.

FAMILY HISTORY

The family name of Bacon originated in Normandy, France and was spelled in a number of different ways. As nearly as can be determined, the Bacon family emigrated to England where they remained for some time, then moved into Ireland. The Irish Rebellion broke out in Ireland. The men remained to enter the service but the women and children were sent to America for the remainder of the conflict. When the rebellion was over, the men joined their families in America. Later they became active members of the American Revolution and fought valiantly in the early colonial battles.

My grandfather and family came from Hamilton, New York, eventually joined the L. D. S. Church and with the other pioneers came to Utah. I know but very little of my relatives on the Bacon side of the family.

When my father found he was unable to maintain his family as a unit in Georgetown, he gave me and my sister Delila to Aunt Lyle (Delila Gardner). No child had a better home than I. I was given all the love, kindness and consideration that any child could desire, taking my place in the Gardner home as one of the family.

In the summer of 1888 my grandfather Archibald Gardner and his son Reuben started a house on Reuben's land on the Redwood Road for Aunt Margaret (who was an invalid) and Aunt Jane (grandfather's wives) and as a home for all the family that was then living near the flour mill. Reuben supervised the building during the fall and winter of 1888 and the spring of 1889. It was a large, substantial red brick home. In April of 1889 the family moved into the home which was "up on the bench."

I was only three and a half years old but I still remember how the wind howled and moaned around the house making such a mournful sound that I would put my head in a corner and cry and want to go back to our old home by the mill. The family at that time consisted of my grandfather Archibald Gardner when he was at home, his wives Aunt Margaret and Aunt Jane, his son Reuben, his daughter Delila and four grandchildren; Albert and Archibald Smith and Delila and I and usually some hired men. It was in this home that I spent my early childhood, happy and carefree.

As I grew older I was given my assigned tasks to perform morning and evening; washing dishes, putting up lunch, bringing in the coal and wood for the coming day, filling the teakettle and reservoir on the stove and providing two big buckets of drinking water.

As a girl I did much to help Uncle Rube with his farm work; in fact, I did the work a farm boy would naturally be expected to do. I rode the horse to cultivate beets and potatoes, to furrow the corn, pull the hay onto the stack. I thinned and topped beets, loaded the bundles of grain on the wagon and turned the bundles on the grain stack, picked potatoes in the fall, sprouted them in the spring, picked berries, helped dry apples and all such work as was required on the farm.

Upon our marriage, we moved to the house John had built on the lower road. Here Delila was born on November 4, 1908. She was a small baby (5 1/2 pounds) and the doctor

had a hard time getting her to breathe. She was a delicate, sensitive child who grew more robust as she became older but she was always rather delicate and frail. She had the most beautiful head of brown, curly hair I have ever seen and was a very pretty little dark complexioned girl.

When J. C. was born two years and three months later, he was a plump, healthy little chap with practically no hair. He remained this way for a long time, then it came in light and pretty. He was a jewel of a baby, good-natured and easily cared for and would sing himself to sleep as he grew older.

When he was one year old, he and Delila came down with diphtheria because she had chewed the neighbor girl's gum. She, too, had the diphtheria although her parents were unaware of it at the time. J. C. became sick and we immediately called the doctor. He pronounced it diphtheria and gave them a treatment which was very new and not too well tried at the time. J. C. received 1000 units of antitoxin and Delila 5000 units. This made both of them so stiff and sore that John and I had to sit up holding them all night. Gradually the medicine became effective and in time they were well again. Of course, the house had to be fumigated and we went up to Uncle Rube's while this was being done.

While Mary (John's sister) and her family were staying with us -- she had just lost her husband -- Stuart was born. He was a dark-haired baby with a decidedly Roman nose, or so it appeared because his face was so swollen when he was born that John's brothers Frank, Bill and Bob, called him the "little Jew." After the swelling had subsided, he lost his Jewish look. He was a strong, sturdy little fellow and very good natured.

When he was nearly a year old, the Bateman Brothers, Phil and Orlando, persuaded us that the Raft River country was a wonderful place and a glorious country in which to make a home. Congress was going to vote for a dam on the Snake River some forty miles away and several valleys were due to come under the irrigation project. People rushed to take homesteads in the barren country with the expectation that within a few years they would have adequate water for them. A railroad was begun and the grade and ties were laid as far as Strevell, Idaho and the grade alone for several miles beyond. A large and luxurious hotel, for those times, was constructed at Strevell and the entire country entered a boom period.

John was having trouble with asthma in his carpentry work at Magna, so we decided to move with the others who were going to Idaho to homestead. This we did, homesteading on the Almo Flats near the Raft River. We built a temporary home in order to satisfy the homestead claims and moved in. It was one large room of lumber with a lean-to on the side nearest the river. For the warmer months the lean-to was our dining room with table and benches. Almo was cattle country and twice each year there were cattle drives. As the cattle came through -- our place was eight miles south of town -- I prepared meals for the cowboys who loved to sit at our outdoor table and visit with us.

That first year we were there, it was pretty. Water in the river was high, there was a creek which came from the river, circled a large meadow and then returned to the river. The meadow was a lush green with blue and yellow flags and yellow snapdragons. Wheat grass grew tall on the bench which was about fifteen feet higher than the meadow and the sagebrush was huge, an indication of fertile land. However, there were drawbacks;

coyotes sang their chilling laments in the hills across the river and raided our chickens and there were bobcats among the willows. We fenced our land in order to keep the range cattle from our home and crops and waited.

Congress delayed and delayed and finally placed the dam at American Falls which meant that the land in the Raft River and Curlew valleys would not be provided with water. It was a death blow to the homesteaders. I remember one meeting which was held at our house when the homesteaders came from all around. It was a meeting of gloom and despair. Shortly after, people started to leave the area. Some stayed on for a while hoping there might be a change of some sort, or a miracle, but there wasn't and gradually the area was abandoned.

We were probably the last family to leave. We had some water from George Creek and were able to raise a crop of barley and other grains but when the cattle men found that we were surviving, they got together and turned the water onto the desert so we would not be able to use it. They wanted no part of homesteaders in that cattle land. Even fertile land with no water cannot produce and we were greatly disappointed in our venture.

It was while we were living on the Almo Flats that Ruby was born. Mrs. Green was the midwife and Mrs. Andrews of Almo came and took care of the house and family until I was able to do so. Ruby was a pretty, plump, fair-haired baby and so easily tended. We were thrilled that the new arrival was a girl. One day Stuart, a chubby little chap, saw her asleep on the bed, he gathered her up in his arms and started toward me saying, "I'se a comin', muzzer, I'se a comin'," then dropped her on the floor before I could reach him. They have been the closest of pals ever since.

While living on the Flats, Orson and Chloe Sanders were our nearest neighbors. They were very kind and solicitous of us and made our life more enjoyable. When Delila became six years of age and it was too far for her to go to school in Almo, Chloe started a school in her own home and took six students ranging from beginners to the eighth grade. Here Delila attended school for two terms and advanced rapidly in her work. To this day she is grateful and friendly to Mrs. Sanders.

With the loss of the water from George Creek, we knew something had to be done. Bishop Durfee owned a ranch in what was known as the "Cove," a fine place for sheep and cattle to be raised. John made arrangements to purchase the ranch so we moved from the Almo Flats into the Cove in June of 1916. Here we lived in a large one-roomed log house for one year.

This ranch was an ideal place for the cattle and sheep industry and John was delighted with it; it was exactly what he wanted. We got a good start with sheep and young cattle and did remarkably well. Here we were close to the mountains; a huge rock Queen Victoria decorated the slope of one mountain, a flat faced mountain was to our rear and the Castle of Rocks to the left of us. There was a large hay field, a clump of willows and grass among the sage. There were three hundred sixty acres in the ranch with grazing rights on additional land. It was a picturesque setting.

While living in the one room log cabin, we were pleased with our summer home but had no idea what a winter in the Cove would be like. In the fall when school opened, we

made arrangements for Delila to live in Almo at the home of Lorenzo and Annie Durfee and attend school there. Delila excelled in school due to the excellent private instruction she had received from Mrs. Sanders.

When snow came, we found we were in for some trouble. The men had gone to the mountains for mahogany which burned hotter than coal. It was so hard it had to be broken with the back of the ax as it could not be chopped like ordinary wood. As Christmas Eve approached, we made arrangements to have a nice time all to ourselves. I had made a Christmas cake, we had a big turkey to roast and the youngsters were looking forward to opening their gifts in the morning. We thought we had everything ready for a pleasant day even though we were far away from any of our relatives. A Christmas box had arrived from home and we were all set for the big holiday.

During the late afternoon a horribly cold mountain blizzard descended upon us and continued to howl and rage all night. In the morning the youngsters rose and rushed to see what Santa had brought them but they could stay up only a short time on account of the bitter cold. Although the woodbox was piled high with wood, we could not get any heat from the fire in the stove. The wind was howling and all the heat was drawn right up the stove pipe. I placed the turkey in the oven to roast but it didn't even get warm through all day. Dad tried so hard to keep a fire but the rest of the family had to go to bed in order to keep warm. That was how we spent Christmas Day 1916.

The blizzard gradually ceased about midnight; on the following morning we awoke to find everything in the house white with snow except about two feet square on the corner of one bed. The wind had blown the snow through every crevice and crack in the cabin. John and I arose and swept the snow from everything. When we opened the door, we found we were snowed in, only about one foot at the top of the doorway was all we could see through to the outside. John crawled through this opening, found a shovel and shoveled us out. Outside everything was a glistening world of white in the bright morning sunshine. The sky was a beautiful clear blue and there wasn't a breath of wind. I felt as if we had been transported to a world all our own. Quickly a good fire was built and soon the cabin was warm and comfortable, the children had their toys, the turkey started roasting and we had our Christmas fun -- what matter if it was one day late! However, it was an experience I wouldn't care to repeat.

Another blizzard experience. Delila, who was about eight at the time and who used to come home of weekends, became lost in a blizzard coming between Bruesch's and our house -- about a half mile. She knew she was lost but finally found the fence and started following it. When the land started to rise abruptly, she knew she was about a mile from home going up a hill back of our house. She turned and followed the fence back. John found her when she was almost opposite our house. She was almost frozen and very, very tired.

During the spring and summer John and Orson Sanders worked in the mountains getting out logs for a good log house for us. When completed it contained a kitchen, a large living room, two bedrooms, a closet and an entrance hall. Here Arch was born. He was a fine little fellow but had hair or a heavy fuzz almost down to his eyebrows; his shoulders and arms were covered the same way. Some said that was a sign of strength but it soon wore off and everything was O. K. When he was a year old the 1918 flu was rampant and we did not escape. John and Arch had it the worst. It was a year before the effects on the baby wore off and he was well again. When Arch was three, an old lady on seeing him said, "With his rosy

cheeks and clear complexion, he is just too pretty for a boy."

We were doing very well on the ranch with a good flock of sheep and a fine start of cattle. The ranch boasted an independent water right which ran well into the summer months before it dried up. How many acre feet it contained, I do not know but there was grain land, a wonderful pasture for sheep, a hay field and a big garden spot. With some wonderful neighbors, Brueschs, it made an ideal home.

At this time the L. D. S. Church transferred stake headquarters from Almo to Malta, probably so it would be on a highway and more accessible to the people from Salt Lake. They called six or eight families to make the move and we, like the others, answered the call and moved away. What we ever did it for is still a mystery to me. We went down, down from then on and everything went against us.

We sold the ranch which was just going into full productivity and bought a farm in Malta. It was two miles south of the town and the first year, a dry one, we had fairly good crops. The next two springs were wet. The ground water, heavy with alkali rose until the ground was white with it and the green alfalfa was black and rotted at ground level. We were never able to recoup.

Here our little girl Bessie was born on September 12, 1920 and died on July 14, 1922. It was a hard blow but like everything else, we lived through it. She was buried in the Malta cemetery where we send flowers each Memorial Day.

While living here the youngsters took the whooping cough. It was near the Fourth of July but the nights were always real cool. Near the windmill stood a sawed off barrel holding water for the cows and horses. Arch took a violent coughing spell and would have choked to death had not Dad grabbed him, run to the barrel and deliberately dropped him into the cold water. It was so cold it caused him to gasp and draw in his breath quickly, which saved his life.

There was no end of trouble while we lived in Malta. Stuart went swimming with a group of older boys and to add to their amusement they kept pushing him under the water until he nearly drowned. Thereafter, he was always afraid of water.

While living on the Shill place I had a serious miscarriage that almost cost me my life. It was only through the administration of the Elders that I was saved. The doctor was on a drunk and the two practical nurses were on difficult cases and couldn't leave, so Dad and the Tracys (neighbors) took care of me. When I had recovered sufficiently to be up and bathed, I learned that my entire abdomen was black and blue as if I had been beaten with a club. Later Dad asked the doctor the cause and he swore and said, "Man, that woman has had blood poison of the very worst type. Ordinarily that would have killed any woman and I can't understand how she pulled through."

Also while living on the Shill place, the youngsters were playing hide and seek when J. C. ran into a barbed wire fence and cut his neck almost to within a scratch of his jugular vein. He started crying. Dad told him to cease instantly or the vein would burst and he would bleed to death. He stopped crying and we were able to close the wound and prevent a hemorrhage. At another time he was riding a horse trying to turn the bull when the horse slipped and fell with J. C. pinned beneath. He suffered a rupture which troubled him for a

long time.

The house on the Shill place was small and our family was growing. We moved into the Thompson house which was nearby on Cassia Creek where there was a built-in sink, a hand pump on the sink counter and built-in cupboards. It was much more convenient. One thing did happen while here which pleased us. When Delila was in the seventh grade, she went to Burley and won the Cassia County spelling contest. The following year she went and placed fourth.

Dad received a message from home that his father was dying. He left at once for West Jordan and remained there several weeks. While he was away, Bessie contracted summer complaint. We sent word to Dad but in the meantime his father died and he had to remain for the funeral services. In spite of Bessie's being cared for by the doctor, she passed away on July 14th before Dad could get back. When he came, he brought a small coffin with him. Arthur Richards, Dad's brother, was the only relative who came to see us which was the day after the funeral but he came as soon as he heard.

There was no high school in Malta or anywhere near our home, so when Delila graduated from the eighth grade Uncle Rube and Auny Lyle consented for her to live with them in West Jordan and attend high school from there.

Finally deciding that nothing could be done about the alkali on the Shill place, Dad bought the McClendon place. It was located across town, about three and a half miles from the town center and high against the hills. Here there was a good log house, a big orchard with many varieties of fruit, a large hayfield and a good garden spot with a permanent water right. We were able to can fruits and vegetables and sell a good bit of fruit.

While on the McClendon place, a dark haired baby girl -- Hazel -- was added to the family. It was a Sunday morning and the puzzled youngsters were sent to Sunday School at seven o'clock. When they returned at noon, they had a new sister. I had helped J and Stu hoe potatoes all the day before. The doctor was just sobering up, so Dad gave him some strong coffee and he slept in his chair for an hour before he was sober. After he sobered up, he proved to be a fine and capable doctor. We were unable to get any help from Malta residents, so Dad took care of me, the baby and the family until I was able to do so.

When Hazel was nearly a year old, Arch came down with chicken pox. With J and Stu playing marbles outside, it was almost impossible to keep him in the house. As a result, he caught cold and developed rheumatism for several weeks. No matter how miserable he was, he always answered "I'm fine," to a question as to how he felt.

Meantime conditions in West Jordan were not good. John's mother was alone and, although she had many boys, none of them wanted to run the farm; then, too, Uncle Rube was ill with cancer. After considerable soul searching, we decided to return to West Jordan.

I left first with Ruby, Arch and Hazel and lived with grandma in the white brick house to which I had gone as a bride. Grandma had hired Alma Dimond to do the heavy chores but as soon as I arrived, she dismissed him and turned the work over to me. When I wasn't milking, feeding and doing other farm chores, I hitched the horse to the buggy and went to Uncle Rube's. I know I drove the last horse and buggy on the road and people looked at us as if we

were lunatics. It was surely embarrassing.

When Dad arrived with the home belongings, the team and farm implements, we moved into grandfather's old red brick house which had more room than the white brick.

On May 28, 1924, Uncle Rube died of cancer of the stomach and Aunt Lyle was left alone except for Delila. The two of them got along well and Aunt Lyle requested that she make that her home. This she did until her marriage in 1930. While living with Aunt Lyle, Delila has several severe illnesses. When a junior in high school she was helping with the Junior Prom but developed appendicitis and missed the big event, being operated on three days before. At one time she was training to enter the state high school typing contest but contracted a severe case of red measles and had to abandon that. She has had to wear glasses ever since that disease. Then, after she had completed high school and L. D. S. Business College, she contracted scarlet fever and nearly died. The doctor said later he did not think it was possible for her to live.

Delila worked with several companies as secretary and bookkeeper, then on June 25, 1930 she and Floyd A. Abbott were married. Aunt Lyle and her friend Martha Holbrook were on an extended trip to Canada and the East, but Aunt Lyle indicated that she thought they would be married while she was gone and told us to give them a reception in her home. This we did. Floyd was on vacation, so as soon as the wedding was over, they left immediately for Walla Walla, Washington where Floyd was employed as a pharmacist at the Tallman Drug.

Knowing Aunt Lyle would dread coming home to an empty house, Dave Haun and his wife Bertha, John and I and others were present when she arrived. We had brought food and gave her an unexpected welcome which she appreciated. With Delila gone, we consented to have J. C. stay with her and help out. This he did until he was called to the Eastern Canadian Mission. Aunt Lyle alone financed the mission.

Upon his departure, Ruby stayed with her until his return. When he came back, he remained until Aunt Lyle died on April 27, 1937.

In February of 1937 Aunt Lyle had become ill with a cold. She was only partially recovered by February 22nd when the ward reunion and Old Folks' Day was held. This was an annual affair which was a big event; everyone who had ever lived in the ward tried to return for that one day. Aunt Lyle decided to go even though she did not feel up to par. It was a stormy, unpleasant day and as a result her cold became worse. By now she was seventy nine. She seemed unable to shake the illness and needed special attention so we engaged Stella Peterson, her neighbor, to stay with her, wait on her and take care of the house during the day. I came every evening and stayed overnight. This arrangement was maintained until it became apparent that her illness was deepening when we hired trained nurses around the clock. She received the best possible care but her body could not recuperate. She had a large funeral and left a host of mourning relatives and friends.

But I am ahead of our family story. After moving into the old Richards' home, we remained there for a long time. The farm was run down. John was an excellent carpenter and rancher but a poor farmer so we continued having a hard time. He tried going back to Magna to work and for a short time we fared better but the farm demanded his full time, so he had to quit the Magna job.

Grandma Richards lived alone in the white brick house after grandpa's death. We were close by and looked after her every want. She seldom visited her family preferring to have them come home but at one time she went to visit her daughter Annie for a week or so. While there she became ill. Annie took care of her in her last illness. She died on July 23, 1924, two years after her husband.

Shortly thereafter we moved into the white brick house. John did the farming, we had plenty of milk and butter, a good garden, mutton and pork, lots of potatoes and corn, etc. I spent much of the time in summer canning fruit and vegetables. Floyd and Delila had moved back to Salt Lake City and given us a pressure cooker which proved invaluable in canning vegetables and meat so we were well supplied with food but had little money to spend for taxes and water assessments had to be paid.

While in the red brick house, Delos was born, a sturdy, fat, bald-headed baby who wanted to do nothing but sleep, eat and grow. He scarcely ever cried. Two years and three months later Warren was born in the same house. He was an entirely different child. He was thin, looked undernourished, was nervous and hard to care for. He cried so much it was difficult to do the housework and he fretted most of the night. As he grew older and could take more food, he grew more robust and much better natured. Later he became all right and became a very affectionate little fellow. He was such a tease that he was called Pest or Pesty, a nickname which stayed with him all during his younger years.

When Delos was eight he contracted a cold which turned to pleurisy, then pneumonia and then empyema, a condition where the lungs fill with pus -- very dangerous. Drs. Hosmer, Lindsay and Quick kept track of his illness saying he would have to be operated on but it must be done at the right time or it could prove fatal. Done at the correct time, it should prove successful. He was taken to the hospital one afternoon and operated on the following day. I remained with him during the night when he acquired an unquenchable thirst. The nurse brought a large pitcher of ice water and said to give him as much as he wanted until five o'clock in the morning. He called for water every few minutes. When the nurse took it away, I wondered how he would get by until ten o'clock when the operation was scheduled. The nurse had scarcely left the room when he called for more water; when I told him he could have no more, he began to cry. I knew something had to be done so I prayed as earnestly as I had ever done for the thirst to be taken away. He turned over and went to sleep and did not waken until they came for him.

Delila went into the operating room with him. He was on the table a long time. The doctors removed part of a rib near the backbone. With the pressure released, Delos coughed and pus shot all over him, the operating table, the doctors and as high as the ceiling. A tube was inserted in his back to drain the remainder of the pus but that cough did more good than days of ordinary drainage.

During the operation I prayed that the doctors would be successful in that delicate operation. As I sat in Delos's room about midnight, I heard Doctor Hosmer tell three or four doctors standing nearby, "Gentlemen, I performed an operation on a little fellow this morning for empyema and I don't think I ever was so successful before, I could almost swear that my hand was guided in that delicate operation. Gradually Delos recovered but he has a scar he will carry all his days.

John had always liked sheep, so we had a small flock. Stuart had become int-

erested in raising purebred sheep. He entered some of them in the State Fair and won some blue ribbons.

It was while shearing sheep and pulling burrs from their fleece that John came down with a severe case of erysipelas. His head and face were swollen and cruelly red. He was delirious constantly and for three nights we expected each hour to be his last. The doctor came frequently and said he had given him more medicine than was recommended but he didn't know what else to do. Floyd supplied the drugs and Delila sat with him for the three nights when he was at his worst. Later he had another two bouts with the same disease but neither was as virulent as the first. In the meantime, the sulfas had been discovered which were a specific for the disease which took the former dread from it.

One spring Stuart went to Aunt Lizzie Gardners to thin beets. He took sick in the field and lay down on the row. By the time he reached home, he was really sick. He was subject to tonsillitis so we supposed this was another attack but he became worse and eventually delirious. We sent for Doctor Hosmer who pronounced it another attack of tonsillitis but this time he was wrong. By morning Stuart was well broken out with a bad case of small pox. Part of the family went to stay with grandma Richards but Hazel and Delos were quarantined with me. John had them all vaccinated but none of them contracted the disease. Hazel had a few pox and her vaccination worked a little.

When Hazel was about two she came down with a bad case of summer complaint, the same disease which had taken Bessie. Naturally, I was panicky but an old gypsy man came along about that time begging for hay, saw the sick youngster and told me to get a remedy called Wakefield's Blackberry Balsam. This I did and as a result she recovered, otherwise it is probable we would have lost her, too.

During their school years all of the children attended school in West Jordan and graduated from Jordan High School. Warren left high school shortly before graduation to join the Navy but was granted his diploma. Delila and Hazel went on to L. D. S. Business College; Hazel becoming proficient in shorthand and typing, Delila taking shorthand, type and accounting.

J. C. went on a mission to Canada. He went first to Montreal which is on an island in the St. Lawrence River with a large hill, Mount Royal, in the center, from which the entire city of one and a half million can be seen. It is heavily wooded in that area and beautiful but the climate ranges from 90 to 95 degrees in the summer and minus fifty-two in the winter. It is a bilingual city and the countryside is almost entirely French. He also was in Maine where there are thousands of lakes, rivers, hills and woods. From Mount Cadillac 1000 lakes are visible. It is magnificent in fall with brilliant colored leaves and has many interesting old buildings and covered bridges. Nova Scotia was part of his mission field as well. It is heavily wooded with many lakes, high tides, and extreme cold with a good deal of snow in winter. It was a mission much different from the land in which he had been born and grown up.

In returning from his mission, he and his partner drove two trucks back from Wayne, Indiana for International Harvester in Salt Lake City and did odd jobs until school started when he took a job driving school bus. This he did for two months then went to work for W. P. Fuller and Company where he worked until 1941.

Stuart enrolled at the Agricultural College in Logan and worked at the dairy farm night and morning to provide his income. After Ruby's graduation from high school, she worked in an office in Salt Lake City and saved her money so she could attend the Agricultural College also. After enrolling, she was secretary to Professor Morris in the dairy department during her entire college years. Arch worked on the college farm doing farm work and driving the college dynamometer at county and state fairs. All of them worked their way through college and all of them graduated.

It was not long after J. C. returned from his mission before he began dating Bertha Bateman and wedding plans were made for May 12, 1937. Aunt Lyle's death two weeks before that date made them unsure whether to go ahead with the wedding so soon after her passing but the family persuaded them she would not have wanted them to change their plans, so they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Delila and Floyd gave a candlelight tea for them at their home at 1402 Stratford Avenue. The rooms were decorated in lavender and white lilacs and lighted candles with a lovely tea table set up in the dining room. One hundred twenty people were invited to drop in, which they did, but they had such a good time they did not just call and leave but stayed all evening. It was lucky the weather was warm and there was a yard to handle the overflow!

Shortly after Aunt Lyle's death, I found that she had willed the old Gardner home to me. It was given to me by court decree and after the funeral those of the family still living at home moved in. It is, to me, the dearest spot on earth.

While going to college, Stuart had been keeping company with Della Smith of Hyrum. On July 22, 1937 they were married in the Logan Temple. We gave them a party here at home. On September 5th they left for New Mexico where Stu had accepted a teaching position in the high school in Texico.

Ruby received her degree in Home Economics on June 1, 1942. It was a dream come true for her and we were extremely proud of her. She received a contract to teach Home Economics in Thatcher, Idaho.

During the Christmas holidays of 1942, Ruby received a diamond engagement ring from LaVar McMillan of Murray. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 11, 1943 with a reception in the Jensen Home on Highland Drive. Mac was later sent to California and then to North Carolina on army duty.

Arch was working at the Experiment Farm in Logan on his birthday July 6, 1941 and during the summer of 1942 he was a carpenter on the new Bushnell Hospital at Brigham City which was under construction. By fall he had purchased a new car and had money for school, too.

Deer season saw a group of fellows deer hunting in the St. George mountains. Each got his deer and Arch carried his part way to camp. It gave him asthma so bad they were obliged to break camp and rush him to a doctor. He came close to dying in the car before help could be found.

On May 5, 1943 Arch and Ilene Robinson of Idaho were married in the Salt Lake Temple. A shower was given them here at home after which they returned to Logan to school.

Arch graduated from the A. C. on May 29, 1943. He had taken R. O. T. C. in college and expected to serve a two year term with the army. When he was handed his commission at the completion of college, he was also handed a medical discharge on account of his asthma. It was quite a blow to the newlyweds who thought they were set for the next two years as far as a job was concerned. However, he was given a job on the college Experiment Farm.

During the spring of 1939 Hazel entered a typing and shorthand contest in Provo and walked away with high honors. She started L. D. S. Business College in September of 1940.

Her first job was with Equitable Life Insurance Company at a salary of \$65.00 per month. After staying there several months, she made application for other work. On June 20, 1942 she was interviewed at Fort Douglas and on June 29th started work with the 9th Service Command. She boarded part of the time with Mr. and Mrs. Salmon and part of the time with Delila in Salt Lake.

Hazel worked at Fort Douglas from 1942 to 1946, then received a letter from her former employer, a surgeon living in San Francisco, asking her to come there and be his stenographer. She quit her job at Fort Douglas and left for California on March 17, 1946 by train. J and Bertha gave a dinner in her honor before she left.

Hazel and Helen Harman signed up for overseas service with the U. S. government and were assigned to Japan with the 8th Army of the U. S. Hazel came home for a short visit but received a call from San Francisco to return and be ready to start her trip to the Orient on October 9th. She left the next morning by bus and departed for Japan on October 29, 1946.

Each girl was required to take one year's supply of clothing, toilet articles, etc. They went by rail from San Francisco to New York and spent a week sightseeing. They embarked on the Blatchford and sailed to Panama and Hawaii arriving in Honolulu on December 3rd and leaving for Okinawa on December 13th. They arrived on Christmas Eve. They were not allowed to leave the ship and sailed away on Christmas morning, two homesick girls while the band played White Christmas and Silent Night. They arrived in Yokohama on December 27th and were taken to 8th Army Headquarters and assigned their new jobs.

Hazel worked as secretary for the Chief of the War Crimes Division in Yokohama during the time of the War Crimes Trials. She left Japan on April 17, 1948 and arrived home May 11th.

On June 11th she returned to San Francisco. She had met Douglas Hughes in Japan and she became acquainted with the Hughes family in Campbell, California. She and Doug were married on July 19, 1948 at 5 P. M. at Mendon, Nevada and made their home in Campbell. The marriage was somewhat of a surprise but we wished them our best for their future happiness.

On February 22, 1940 Delos went skiing with the Boy Scouts in Cottonwood Canyon where they used barrel staves for skis. Shortly after arriving Delos fell and broke three ribs but said nothing about it and stayed all day in severe pain. When he came walking up the path, I knew something was wrong so we took him to the doctor and found the broken ribs.

During the fall of 1940 Delos and Warren helped Dad with his beets and earned enough money for each to purchase a new suit of clothes; the first new suit of store clothes they had ever had. Were they ever proud!

Delos enlisted in the Army Air Corps and received orders to leave Fort Douglas on February 7, 1944. He was first sent to Buckley Field, Colorado, then to a radar training school in New Jersey. He was given a furlough from the army and arrived home on Thanksgiving Day, 1944. He went from here to Robins Field in Georgia where he had his tonsils removed on January 15, 1945. While in the hospital, all his pals were shipped to the battle front overseas. On May 2, 1945 Delos was sent to the hospital with pneumonia. While there his buddies were all sent to Florida. This was the second time something had occurred to prevent him from entering the war overseas.

He was specially selected with a group of twelve men to do secret research work for the Army Air Force at the University of Texas at Austin on May 13, 1945. The work continued for two months or more. We later learned that part of this work was on the Norden bombsight.

Delos received his official discharge from the Army on May 5, 1946 and started school at the U of U under the G. I. Plan in the fall. He graduated with a degree in physics.

Delos was married shortly before Hazel but he and Pat skipped off to Elko, Nevada and were married by a justice of the peace there on April 10, 1948 unknown to Dad and me. When I read Delos's note the next morning, it was really a shock. Pat is a fine girl and we welcomed her into the family wholeheartedly but we weren't prepared for a runaway marriage. This is what hurt but we soon forgot it and everything was O. K. We gave them a party here on May 22nd.

On June 19, 1945 Warren was sworn into the Navy and on July 2nd he left home to report for duty. He received his uniform on July 4th in San Diego. He was seventeen years on his last birthday. We heard on August 10th that he had broken two ribs while training but no explanation as to how it happened. He came home on furlough September 14, 1945, the same day that Mac landed in New York from France. He arrived home on September 18th so we had a big dinner to honor Mac and Warren on September 20th with most of the family at home. Warren returned to San Diego on the 21st.

Warren came home for Christmas of 1946 and returned to Alameda, California then in 1947 he was transferred to Hawaii leaving San Francisco on September 3rd. In a letter received (1948) from Warren in the dispensary department of the Navy, he was being sent to the Midway Islands for six weeks with a squadron on maneuvers. He was the only one chosen from the medical department to make the trip. He was in Hawaii for Christmas and returned there February 19, 1949.

In conversation over the phone in February of 1949, Warren said he was being sent from California in a roundabout way to New York and Connecticut to receive his release from the Navy. March 27th was his 21st birthday but he still hadn't arrived home. On April 1st we received a telegram from him in Norwich, Connecticut asking for \$300 to be wired to him to buy a car to come home with. I drew this from his savings and sent it. After driving all the way across the U. S., he arrived home on April 9th.

In the fall Warren entered the U of U. A couple of days before Thanksgiving he was in a serious car accident. He had spent the evening with Paula Butterfield in Midvale and was on his way home. As he passed the Utah Idaho Sugar Company, he remembered that Dean Lehmitz would be getting off work at that time, so he called at the factory and they started home together. We never did know how the accident happened except that some fellows tried to force them off the road and some horse play resulted in which Dean and Warren ran into a tree on the lower road.

Going at a good speed and suddenly stopped by a tree, Warren was thrown through the windshield and severely cut by broken glass. Dean reached over and pulled him back into the seat. He was bleeding so profusely that Dean raced his car for the doctor in Midvale where three doctors worked on Warren for over eight hours sewing his face back together. Dean was driving and bent the steering wheel almost double and injured several ribs. We knew nothing of this until morning when the two of them walked in with Warren covered with blood and only partly conscious.

He was placed in bed and the doctor said to wake him every two hours and talk to him until he was perfectly conscious or he would go into a coma and never survive. We carefully followed these instructions but it was a day or more before he could remember much of anything. His pals came regularly to see him and gradually he recovered but he received a number of deep cuts that will scar his good looks the rest of his life. Because of the seriousness of his condition, we did not have our usual family Thanksgiving dinner that year.

Warren received a letter from Uncle Sam telling him to report to Fort Douglas for a physical exam for the Navy on November 13, 1950 and if O. K., to report to Treasure Island not later than January 18, 1951. On November 8, 1950 he gave Merle Wilkins a diamond. Due to the fact that Warren was to leave for the Navy on January 16th, he and Merle decided to get married before he left. Everything was rush and bustle. Ruby gave a dinner for them but they were unable to attend so the rest of the family ate it for them. They decided to be married in the St. George Temple as the Salt Lake Temple was closed for the holidays, so left on December 21st and were married on the 22nd. Arch and Ilene accompanied them as they were living in St. George at the time.

Merle lived with me after Warren reported for duty until he received word that he would be stationed indefinitely at Alameda. He arrived home on February 10th, loaded Merle's belongings into the car and they left for California. This was the last of the family married.

This lists each of the children up to and including their marriage. The following will be some of the events in Dad's and my lives.

On August 16, 1940 we purchased nine acres just west of the Orem tracks from the Haun boys. We paid \$125.00 an acre, which included a share of water, with money from the sale of eighteen shares of Utah Power and Light stock which Aunt Lyle had given me.

There were fourteen of the family home for Christmas 1940. We as a family went to Murray and had a family picture taken on December 27th.

Floyd had been transferred from Camp Grant, Illinois to Wichita Falls, Texas

at Shepherd Field. Naturally he wanted his family there so on October 12, 1941, Delila and Richard, six months old, and I left in their car. We traveled with a storm from the time we left near Draper until we arrived. While there we visited Fort Worth and Dallas and I picked some cotton in Oklahoma, the first I had ever seen. I returned home by bus on October 22nd.

Dad was obliged to sell his sheep in 1946 on account of dogs killing so many. The neighborhood dogs formed a roving pack and at night did great damage.

Floyd and Delila invited Dad and me to visit them in Seattle and sent a check to pay our way. We gladly accepted and on September 18, 1947 we left by bus and met them in Portland, Oregon where we stayed overnight and left the next morning for the coast. It was on September 20th that I got my first glimpse of an ocean, the broad Pacific. We sailed on a steamer, the first I had ever seen, crossed the Puget Sound, sailed to Victoria, British Columbia, went into dense forests and logging country and saw many breath taking scenes. The fall weather was ideal and we enjoyed every minute of it. On September 30th we started home and encountered the first fog and learned later that was the beginning of the rainy season. We had our visit at exactly the right time and we will always be grateful to Floyd and Delila for giving us the most enjoyable trip we had ever taken.

At Christmas in 1947 Warren sent me a corsage of baby orchids from Hawaii. My first orchids!

I made my first trip to California on May 13, 1949 to visit Doug and Hazel who met me at San Jose. I had a wonderful time visiting San Francisco, the Golden Gate Park, Big Basin, Yosemite and many other places of interest. Arrived home on June 1st.

On March 28, 1950 Dad hired a man to plow the ground south of the house and the following day attempted to harrow the ground but at 3 P. M. on March 29th he was stricken with a heart attack brought on by overexertion and died instantly without realizing what had hit him. This was the decision of the doctors. Word was sent to Delila who was vacationing in New York and to Hazel in Campbell, California. The funeral was held April 3rd and was one of the largest ever held in West Jordan. Neighbors and friends contributed work, food and \$200 in cash to help. Little did I realize the long, lonesome years that were to follow without him. Now as I write these pages, more than twenty years have gone and I have faced them, mostly alone. Many things can be done if one has to do them.

Doug and Hazel had come for the funeral and decided to return home on April 6th. I accompanied them. We landed in Reno about two o'clock the next day, a hot day, but it was snowing on those high Sierra Nevada peaks. Snow chains were put on and we had gone over the summit of that dangerous pass when the car skidded on some ice and slid completely off the road against a snow bank. Doug and Hazel got out and tried to push it back onto the road when a big tanker came along, hit their car, knocked them down and their own car ran over them. I broke the windshield with my head and was knocked out for a short time but the three months old baby in the basket was unhurt.

Hazel and Doug's legs were broken and they sat completely helpless in the snow. A passing ambulance took us all back to Reno where we arrived at ten o'clock. Hazel and Doug were admitted to the hospital and the baby and I were taken to a hotel. Hazel was in profound shock and examination showed that her leg was broken in twenty-two places. It was thought

that amputation would be necessary but the doctor was a bone specialist and he advised against it. Both Hazel and Doug remained in the hospital for months before they were released. Very slowly Hazel regained her health and strength but she was always troubled with pain in her legs and ankles. Doug recovered more rapidly. I returned home on April 24, 1950.

In September Ruby, Mac and I went to Reno to visit Hazel. We had some car trouble and proceeded by bus. We stayed overnight at the Hotel Golden, visited Virginia City, Harold's Club and such places in Reno. Hazel was well enough that she went with us. She had the cast taken off her leg and a walking cast put on and was allowed to go home the following week end.

The company whose truck was involved in the wreck on Donner Pass made a satisfactory out-of-court settlement and on January 24, 1951 Hazel and Doug moved from Campbell to their newly purchased ranch in Yreka, California.

On February 8, 1951 Rufus Brown took me to Salt Lake City to an attorney's office and I signed papers for the sale of the farm on the lower road

While I was at Doug and Hazel's in 1952, I had considerable trouble with my eyes, could read only the headlines in the newspapers, etc. so they took me to Medford, Oregon thinking I needed better glasses. Upon examination, Dr. Lemery told me I had cataracts on both eyes and unless they were operated on inside of three years I would be permanently, totally blind. He promised to operate on April 9th and I entered the Sacred Heart Hospital in Medford and had an operation on my left eye, remained there ten days and then returned to the Hughes home. We had to return one day each week, seventy-five miles each way, for a check up.

On May 19th I again entered the hospital and had my right operated on while my left was still bandaged so I really knew what was meant when we say, I was blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other. My right came along nicely but my left one wasn't much good, so on June 2nd I returned and had it needled which helped considerably. I was released from the hospital after paying bills of \$400 but it was money I never regretted spending. The doctor said that a hard blow on the forehead had triggered the growth of the cataracts -- the blow I received when hitting the windshield in the auto accident on Donner Pass. I returned home July 11th after having been away since February 6th.

On January 21, 1952 I sent in my application for a scheduled BYU Church History Tour, visiting early colonial scenes on our way east and early church history places on our return west. I was accepted and left by bus on June 7th for New York and Boston. We traveled by Greyhound bus in a company of thirty-two people, three men and twenty-nine women. We had excellent beds in fine hotels, good food and lots of fun so the entire trip was an enjoyable one. We traveled through twenty states and into Canada

On January 3, 1961 seven atomic specialists who exposed themselves to deadly radiation while trying to rescue three fellow workers trapped when a reactor exploded in an Idaho testing station at Arco were among twenty-six persons honored by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. A health physicist supervisor and several other men donned only respirator masks and entered the reactor room. A radiation detector indicated maximum radiation. They began carrying the man out. The rescuers were allowed to stay in the

contaminated building only two minutes at a time. When all rescue work was completed, each man was ordered to strip himself of all clothing worn and was given a suit of coveralls and a pair of shoes in which to return home. All clothing was buried deep in the earth. These men had a fifty mile ride home in a bus with the temperature at five degrees below zero.

Delos was one of the rescuers and received the gold Carnegie Hero Medal from the Carnegie Institute for heroism in the face of danger and a citation from the Atomic Energy Commission for heroic service rendered. He also received a letter of thanks and congratulations from Congressman Harding of Idaho from Washington, D. C.

No after effects of the radiation has been found after many tests.

I received a letter from Hazel dated January 29, 1968 wherein she said she was in the Rogue River Hospital for an operation. The doctors had found a malignancy in her left breast and removed it. This was a shock to her and everyone else. I know of no more dreaded word in the English language than cancer. In a later note the doctors told her she had cancer in its second stages and she would have to have a hysterectomy as a precautionary measure. I went to Medford by airplane and Mrs. Hughes (Doug's mother) and Linda met me. Hazel was scheduled for the hospital that afternoon. No malignancy was found in the second operation. She suffered intensely from gas pains and returned home on February 27th. On March 4th she began cobalt treatments. They were very expensive but seemed to help and she returned to work full time.

She was snxious for me to see the giant redwoods so on her vacation we left for that part of California. It was a glorious experience. We were gone three days and returned April 23rd.

Our family had a reunion on June 28th in the West Jordan Park. Sixty-four out of a possible sixty-eight were there. We had a big feed, fun and a good, old fashioned home-coming. Later in the evening all the teenagers met at my home, became better acquainted, played games and ate watermelon. On the 29th the married people were served a delicious chicken and ham dinner at Floyd and Delila's home. Pictures of the immediate family and their partners were taken.

On June 30th a number of us went to Stuart's home in Cache Valley where we had another delicious dinner. On Hazel's birthday, July 1st, the family gathered at J and Bertha's and had a birthday party for her and Janice, Warren's girl. Hazel was forty-five and Janice twelve.

One evening at my home Hazel's five brothers laid their hands upon her head and administered to her asking for the blessing of health. J. C. wasn't well either, so four of his brothers administered to him and later all five surrounded my chair and asked the Lord for a blessing of health to attend me in my old age. It was a very spiritual event in our lives. The following day the family started departing for their various homes.

In the fall of 1968 those of my family near enough decided it was time to re-decorate my home as everything was looking rather worn, dark and old. They tore off the old paper, scraped, sanded, filled, sized, plastered, repaired broken parts and painted all the woodwork. When this was done, the paper hanger papered the living and dining rooms.

It looked like a different house.

Delila had kept in close touch with Hazel by telephone. She was becoming very discouraged and depressed as her back was bothering her badly, her vision was distorted and she was in constant pain. Delila talked to her on Saturday night, November 2nd and left Monday morning for Yreka to spend the week of her vacation that she had saved for just this purpose. There wasn't much she could do except help around the house and run errands and be generally helpful but it was comforting for Hazel to have someone to talk to. Doug was in the Orient and Hazel was carrying her burden alone and still working.

By January the cancer had gone into her lungs and she was having a difficult time breathing. She was fitted with a back brace and later her lungs were tapped every ten days -- an extremely painful process. In March Stu was in Idaho Falls and had the feeling that he would like to go see her. He called Delila to see how she felt about Arch and Ilene, he and Della going to visit. She recommended it. They left on a Thursday afternoon and drove straight through.

Hazel was, of course, bedridden by this time as the cancer was now in her kidneys as well. They all had a good visit although Hazel was very weak. Sunday the two boys administered to her and left. They called Delila from Susanville telling her to alert the family that Hazel was very far gone. She spent the next few hours reaching everyone. At 9:45 that Sunday evening, March 23rd, she received a call from Gladys (Doug's sister and a registered nurse who had been staying with her) saying that Hazel had passed quietly away about an hour earlier. Everyone was called with the news and arrangements were made to secure time off to go to California.

Delila left the next morning by plane for Yreka. Doug was still in the Orient. She assisted the children in making plans for the funeral services and helped as much as she could. Stu and Arch, knowing how near the end was, had already talked with the bishop there and advised him of the conditions. Her funeral services were held in the Girdner Funeral Chapel at 2 P. M. on March 27th in Yreka and she was buried in a beautiful spot in the Yreka cemetery. Doug was not in attendance as he was on leave somewhere in Japan and could not be reached. All of Hazel's family was present. The neighbors were absolutely wonderful.

Doug's father and mother remained with the youngsters until school was out, then Marlene and Diane went to live with their Aunt Edith in San Jose, Linda stayed in her nursing course and Alan remained in Yreka working on a farm and attending junior college in Weed beginning in the fall.

There have been uncounted dinners with each of the families, trips to visit various of the children living away from Utah, dozens of Thanksgiving dinners which were a tradition and which were always attended by all those near enough to be there, and many get togethers which I have made no attempt to include. We have been a fairly close knit family without any of us trying to live in the others' pockets.

Fortunately, very fortunately considering the times, there has been no dishonor, or disgrace of any kind in the family; there has been no juvenile delinquency and no sorrow for misdirected lives. I am proud of all of you!